

THE

Jesuits Ghost,

WITH THE

PRAYER

OF THE

Turkish Monarch

TO

CHRIST.

Through which he Obtained a Mighty
Victory against the Papists, at the Field
of *VARN A*.

Occasioned by their wicked Perjury, in Breaking that
League they had so Solemnly Sworn to Keep.

Written by R. C.

L O N D O N.

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Jesuit Ghost

WITH THE

P. R. Y. E. R.

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Church of England

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THE

JESUIT'S GHOST.

From restless shades, my trembling Ghost ascends,
 To visit Earth and some peculiar Friends,
 Now all things are at rest and quiet found,
 I only rise and walk the silent round,
 In this Dark moment I'll the matter end ;
 For which the Bull does with the *Test* contend ;
 And *Rome's* Religion open from the root,
 Whose branches flourish with Forbidden Fruit,
 And such as puts ev'n Heaven to the Blush,
 Who does their Actions with just anger crush.
 Can they with great Omnipotence prevail
 Who Daily Vows with Bloody Victims Seal ?
 Or he be President, to such as have
 So many hundred back-ways to the Grave ?
 To Kill an Heretick, they 'count no more,
 Than to Debauch, and then Absolve a Whore.
 Tho' what's expected but a Tyburn rod,
 From greedy Priests that Eat and Drink their God,
 In Massacres their cruel rage out-flies
 Softning tears of beautiful Virgins Eyes,
 Could they proceed in their unhuman way,
 They'd turn the World into a *Golgotha*,
 *By Murder first the Pope, assum'd his Throne,
 Since to what rage is Superstition grown,

*Phocas, when he had by the help of Boniface Bishop of
 Rome, Murdered Maricius the Emperor and all his Child-
 ren, and Seated himself on the Throne, in requital for his
 assistance in so Barbarous a murder, made Boniface Pope,
 then call'd Universal Bishop.

On his Dark Reign, Oppressions Duely wait,
 Like Pestilential Air to blast a State,
 When Sword, and Powder fails, than Fire must
 Lay splendid Cities level with the Dust:
 Of Perjury allow, and pardon too,
 So much detested by the *Turk* and *Jew*;
 But *Varna* sure might silence this blind work,
 When Christ gave that great Battle to the *Turk*.
 The spacious field with Popish blood was dy'd,
 And Conquering *Amurath* did in Triumph ride,
 Whilst Heav'n stood Neuter, the *Hungarian* Sword
 Victorious grew, but the high injur'd Lord,
 Viewing the League the perjur'd *Christians* broke,
 Grew pale with anger at the impious Work.
 Condemn'd the crime and they receiv'd their doom,
 From the rough Sons of the Loud Cannons Womb:
 But these are meritorious Acts in them,
 Yet what themselves in others do Condemn:
 Their Giddy zeal consists on bits of Wood,
 * On Crosses, Nails, and reliques of the good:
 In fine and costly Robes, in gaudy paint,
 To deck and beautify the Idol Saint,
 In Gilded Temples, *Incense*, rich perfume,
 As if this World was the *Elixium*.
 So Dazling Lights delude the silly fly,
 Who hov'ring courts the flame untill it die:
 But I, in vain, these fallacies deplore,
 Beyond the Grave repentance hath no pow'r,

* The Cross of Christ was carried by one Man at first, and in all the Abbys Monasteries, and Cells &c. there are so many pieces of it, as if they were Solid would build a Ship of a 1000 Tun. 3 Nails were only used in the Crucifying our Blessed Saviour; yet they produce as many Nails as are needful in the Building of such a Ship.

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Were I to live again, I'd then extol,
That part of heav'nly breath the precious Soul,
And all my pious thoughts with heav'n engage,
And shun the flashy Priest-craft of the age,
Which, just Like bubbles, bore up by the Air,
Look beautifull and break, then dis-appear.

This daring Nation when we'd thoughts to bring
To *Romes* obedience as an off'ring,
We and the angry Dame in Council sat,
As if we wou'd unweave the Lume of Fate,
The *Cyclops* when for mighty *Jove* they wrought,
Was not so toil'd and full of various thought,
Then all our minutes busie were, and we,
To Hellish Stratagems gave Liberty,
Perfidious *Petres* with a Fawning smile,
Said, Heaven decrees for us this wealthy Isle,
Than for the promis'd Land he boldly prest,
Cried out 'tis time, 'tis time we were possesst,
Post on he rid through fiery Zeal pretends,
Gold was his Guide, at Hell his Journey ends,
So smooth to his kind Prince he made the way:
He Little thought rank Treason in it Lay,
But Traytors, like false Coin, do fair appear
To all mens eyes but the Discoverer.

Seduc'd the King his Nobles to Decline,
Who are the Light by which all *Monarchs* shine,
None but false stones, no not one Glorious Gem,
Was left to sparkle in his Diadem.
The *Test* and *Penal-Laws* we must have down,
And not one man of Sence must ware a Gown;
Thus to our tickling *Magick* we gave way,
Till we rais'd Spirits that we could not Lay,
Just as the *Devil* did the project Start,
In our *Cabal* we had his Counterpart:

Famous

Famous for Bawling, and suspected wife,
 Tho' one grain of Sence is worth a pound of Noise,
 This precious Plant so worthy to be prais'd
 Upon *White-Chapel* Dunghill first was rais'd :
 Yet was the third great Engineer of State
 Pick'd out to ruine the *Immaculate*,
 And *Divine Church*, that like a timely Spring
 Raifes from Darkness every Living thing;
 By Lawless pow'r he strove to Undermine,
 But Heaven did Frustrate the Damn'd design,
 Resenting that to their Defame alone,
 For what's the *Casket* when the Jewel's gone?
 Even in the Nick of time, Heav'n gave the word :
 As *Isaac's* Angel stop't his Fathers Sword,
 So the *Prophetick Frost* did subject bring
 To its Chill Scepter every humid thing.
 All bodies fast in that *Cold Chain* were bound,
 No Spring to murmur, unless under ground ;
 But in a trice Dissolv'd this Tyrants Pow'r
 Whose Ruins flourish in his Conquerour.
 And you who for Eternal Blessings call,
 Look up, repent, make no Demur at all,
 But to the Sacred Church obedient be,
 Heavens bright Ceiling is their *Canopie*.
 In threatning storms their pious Lustre shew'd,
 Like Stars that Glitter through a Gloomy Cloud ;
 But *Rome's* blind Zeal depends on Beads and Toys, }
 Impious Nacks more fit for Apeish Boys, }
 Than means to Compass Everlasting Joys,
 Hark ! *Pluto* calls, the *Stygian* Furies quake.
 The Guilty Howl, in that *Sulphureous* Lake,
 I must descend to his Imperial Thron,
 Yet when I'm there, he's Jealous of his Crown.

THE Breaking of the LEAGUE.

A League being made for ten Years between *Amurath*, Sixth King of the *Turks*, and *Uladislaus*, King of *Hungaria*: one Swearing upon the Holy *Evangelists*, the other upon the *Alcoran*. *Amurath* departed with his Army against *Scanderbeg*: not long after the *Hungarian* Clergy finding an advantage in the *Turks* absence. *Julian* the Cardinal and the rest of his Hopeful Brethren, perswadeth King *Uladislaus* to break the League, telling him nothing could be more fond or inconsiderate, than in their Consultation to have regard to their private profit only, and not to the Publick, without respect of Religion, Honesty, or Conscience &c. Thus getting the consent of the King, the Cardinal absolved him, who after March'd with a very great Army into the *Turks* Dominion. *Huniades* being General, which *Amurath* hearing of, prepared to meet 'em, and the Armies Engaged at the Field of *Varna*, where there was a Bloody and desperate Battle Fought, in which the *Christians* had the best for the most part of the Day; so that *Amurath* thought of nothing but Flight, and seeing the *Christian* Ensigns Displayed with the *Crucifix*, pluckt the Writing out of his Bosome, wherein the Late League was Comprised, and holding it up in his hand with his eyes cast up to Heaven, Said
Behold thou Crucified Christ, this is the League the Christians, in thy Name, made with me: which they
have

have, without Cause, violated: Now if thou be a God, as they say thou art, and as we Dream, revenge the wrong done unto thy Name; and me, and shew thy Power upon thy Perjured People, who in their Deeds deny thee their God.

No sooner had Amurath ended this Prayer, but the Battle turn'd, and the Christians were totally routed. Vladislaus kill'd, Huniades fled, Julian the Cardinal, the Bishop of Veradiun, and the Bishop of Agria, with most of the Clergy, all slain, who were the only Authors of that unjust War: And for all the King of Hungaria broke the League, and Invaded Amurath, yet he, by reason of his Oath, resigned his Kingdom up to his Son, of which you may see more at Large in the Reign of Amurath Pag. 277.

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